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No. 24.

THE STORY.
BY ELIAS WHORLON.

They met each other in the glade—
The trees were tall, the path steep—
The day was bright, the birds were gay—
She blushed with sweet surprise—
She knew the love that comes from lifting
up the eyes.

The path was full, the path was steep—
He reached to her hand;—
She blushed with sweet surprise—
But did not understand what she said;—
She knew the love that comes from clapping
up the eyes.

She sat beside him in the wood—
He waded with words and signs;—
All have in Spring come sweet and good;—
Also the love that comes from lifting
up the eyes.

The Summer sun shone fairely down;—
The wind like a lover's sigh—
Her eyes were open in eyes of brown;—
His kiss fell on her mouth;—
Also the love that comes from lifting
up the eyes.

And now the Autumn time is near;—
The leaves cover away;—
With breaking hearts the falling day;—
Also the love that comes from lifting
up the eyes.

FAY ALLEYN;

OR,
THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENKIN OF THE
PRINCE."

L.
SUNSHINE.

The sun is setting, the shadows deepening, the evening cooling, and still I stand at the gate—watching. So have I watched for nearly an hour, and yet Charley does not appear. I have been here all the time.

The day has been long, close, weary; but how long to see the dear handsomest face again, and to hear the voice I love best! Into my heart must snakes of song come, consolingly, and hummings of old songs, and the musical echoes from the imaginary wall are not nearly so appropriate to my present situation as the thrilling story of "The Beating of my own Heart," so subduced pathos I set off and wander (vocally) by the mill stream, where the water is so clear, the purity of the song as I well remember for my enthusiastic rendering of it was spoilt once by a too obvious leaf turning)—the cliff the clinch comes me, and with emotion I proceed to describe how fast silent tears were flowing, etc. I begin to feel in due time that I am getting rather pale, and after so pathetic an incantation, But the lyric spell has no power, my sonorous comes not, lays no hand upon my shoulder. A faint stirring in the branches of a tree overhead, as though the birds are trying to fly in their sleep, the distant sound of a workman stamping over the gravelled path on the common, those are the only sounds that break the silence that is becoming oppressive. I begin to feel impatient, perhaps even angry, at myself for letting the heart and fire from my body go—so an accompaniment to my next very appropriate ballad, "Somebody's waiting for Somebody."

Ah! how true. Isn't there always some body waiting at the world over? often enough to make it is not also true that the impatiently waited for are often the longest in coming?

So thinking, the very desire to sing has died within me. I am walking outwards with the gate, letting it swing no more, for darkness is creeping on, and to have Charley's head and stop him and then to let him go again, would not be right? Who will send Charley to me? but I don't mind much that. If only he were here to do so now! At this moment the sound of a quick stepping horse's feet falls on my ear.

"Ah! here he is!" I cried aloud, for I know this is my husband.

Hoplessly of the descending green and Charley's oft-repeated names, I flung the gate back with a jerk, and ran to Roger's head, and stop him and then to let him go again, and still not carried away by the broad sweep of gravel.

"Oh, how I have waited, Charley! How glad I am you have come at last!" As I speak I lay my hand on his arm, and we stand together, he watching his man and then, troting off to the office in good time! I ask, for which polite inquiry I get a correcting tap on the shoulder.

"There is no need for further inquiry. We must have a talk, and then another. After I've seen him, my man," sayeth another man in the world—for me.

When Charley had seen his belongings safely turn the sharp corner in the valley, he remembers my unfeigned longing to repeat the greeting, and Charley tries to look elsewhere. As if I should allow him to do so, now at last that he has come home! He has a way of pausing before he speaks, and now his thoughts are still halfway to that attraction, and he cranes his neck to see if I am looking at him. I then quickly give the drift of such coming remarks, and this occasionally gives me an advantage, of which I am not slow to avail myself. So now I prepare for the storm before it comes to break.

"You are going to say to me, Charley," say I, laughing, "and I will not be

scoffed. It was very wicked of me to open the gate, I know, and I am awfully sorry, and beg you will forgive me, just this once. I know that is Luke's work. I know I am not a lodgeskeeper and not a grocer, and not a druggist, and not a doctor, but you haven't, I fear, I may. I like to be off without another reproachful word, please?" Do you know it is really your fault, Charley?" This I say intending to cover up a secret, but Charley has just gathered, and as I come down he offers his hand to me. "A glorious pail!" Crimson roses, cream roses, pink roses, yellow roses, and a hanging cluster of fragrant white ones. Dewdrops still sparkle upon them, and the dewy petals and the dewy stamens, making evidence that glances at them through the waving leaves of the overhanging trees! Oh! those dewy roses! How these fragrance fingers and brings each of those glad hours back to me! Just as vivid as the sight and smell of my roses, and orange blossoms still that form a bonny day when before God I vowed to him, honor, and obey my husband. That task is heavy—indeed it seems impossible to do otherwise than I often wonder why I feel so much better when I have done it fully. Duties. My thoughts travel back to that day as I lay my face in the dewy freshness of these roses Charley has gathered for me, and which he has just put into my hands.

We walk on to the studio together, and I notice our eagerness and eagerness for which they turn eager hands and give their pretty "thank yous" with playful paws and distended nostrils. Then I turn to Charley the groom, and inquire after his wife and children, and the last news from the stately mansion, and so free the arms with which he draws me close to him, and whispers his dear words of greeting.

By and by—dinner over—we sit under the veranda. Charley is lazy, warm, tired, and heavy, and Charley, smiling contentedly while I sit on a stool at his feet, resting my head against his knee. We are chattering placidly, and presently my husband says:

"Tell them to call me early, Fay. Because I want to be off in time. No good to go to town, and I have to go to town." You are not to go to town at all tomorrow," says I, coolly.

"Not to go to town, child!" he cries, amazed at my audacious assertion. I do not explain, he adds, "What can you do?"

"Man? Just what I say, and this I will add, for your special information, you are not going out of our gate to-morrow without me."

Charley puffs clouds of smoke away in silence. I know that this silence means trouble, and wait expectantly. But on this occasion I do not rapidly declare the *lesson* of my thoughts, so after a lengthened pause, Charley resumes:

"What will the seniors say if you come to the office with me to-morrow?"

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PRAYER FOR THE OPENING YEAR.

By S. G. Knobell.

I ask not, Lord! that I may be exalted
For I am nothing; but that I may be strengthened
But only that Thy everlasting glory
Be with me in the strife!
That I may be made ready to meet my
hours.
Thy guidance, holy presence I may know.

I ask not, Lord! for wealth's exceeding
My real needs are few;
Grant me and make the daily bread, and
With countless gratitude may life renew.
Amen.

A spirit born in steep poverty.

I ask not, Lord! for some high earthly life.

The hundred new gifts given me.

And I will be faithful to her best.

How truly do I live!

With heart and spirit wholly Thine.

I ask not, Lord! that shadows may not
darken.

The mystery of my days.

I am not evil, but innocent.

To keep me in Thy ways.

And though the whistling waters close

Still let me find some of Thy Love!

I ask not, Lord! that strife may never enter
My home.

But to Thy power that fate all vanishes,

To find my soul's release.

And I will be faithful to Thee.

My every hope uplifted unto Thee!

I ask not, Lord! to know the hidden future,
Enough for me to know.

Then art just, and from Thy hand

To give me ten thousand blessings!

Give me the grace that chastening hand to

All trouble-spreaders of the world above!

I thank Thee, Lord! for mystery of sorrow,

For love's purest gift,

For all the teaching past, and promises now.

For smiling and farewell.

For summer roses, wildly drifting snows,

And all Thy grace in mighty wave-tides.

Another year is spending with the portals

Of life, and leaving me to go.

Leisure my soul with fortitude, earnest,

With prayerful heart, to wait

For Thee, O God, who art my way,

Ever so near, Lord! — Thy will be done!

My Holiday Patient;

OR,

A DESPERATE CASE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Without loss of time I raised her from her pillow, slipped the chain over her head and withdrew it with the red purse from her bosom. Gaining my prize in one hand and the candle in the other, I immediately returned to my own room, fastened the door, and with much trepidation and a slight, but irrepressible pang of remorse—for the fact I had just received an unpleasant remonstrance to robbery with which I had been driven to examine the contents of the purse. It held, as I had surmised, neither coin nor trinket, nothing by a carefully folded and sealed note, the sold condition of which plainly indicated that it had been prepared for a conveyance to some person, and not for inscription or address upon the outside of it, but the seal bore the impression of a single ring, engraved with the Pomery crest and motto. Such a ring I remembered having noticed one day at table d'hôte on the part of a lady who was evidently a widow.

Without hesitation I broke the seal, spread the paper open on my knees, and read these words, written in handwriting which was evidently that of an educated gentleman:

"George Pomery, of Newbury, Berkshire, desires to marry Clara Fletcher, now living in the capacity of domestic at Newbury Hall, in the same county, so soon as the object for which she and I are working shall be satisfactorily accomplished. And so far from being envious and jealous myself, that the marriage alone said shall be lawfully solemnized within three months, at the utmost, after the demise of my brother's widow, Lady Alys Pomery."

"I shall not trouble the reader with a recapitulation of the thoughts and sensations which took possession of my mind upon the perusal of this document. For the present it is sufficient to say that I replaced it in the purse, wound the neck of the chain around my fingers, and, with the property in my traveling bag, I then took the same means of securing the maid, by fastening the door between her chamber and mine, the only mode of communication with which I could be satisfied—sufficient. And so far from being envious and jealous myself, that the marriage alone said shall be lawfully solemnized within three months, at the utmost, after the demise of my brother's widow, Lady Alys Pomery."

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"I am feeling very refreshed," said she, holding out her hand warmly. "The journey really seems to have done me good in stead of harm, as I am scared. Is it late, or do you accuse me to walk before breakfast?"

"I have been down beside her, and after a few minutes' rest in the course of which I felt her pulse, and judged from her appearance and manner that she was sufficiently herself to bear, with tolerable strength, the news I had to impart, I said gravely:

"Lady Pomery, you asked me if I was going to see you off for return at present time to renew her attempt on Lady Pomery's life."

"Marriage contract!" echoed the officer, in whom I had translated the paper in question.

"But tell me, madame, you are safe from her now; she knows that she is detected, and she will not come back to exact revenge and punishment. What do you say—do you wish her to be punished?"

"By no means," said I. "in my opinion things are very much better left as they are. And, as she knows that her precious marriage contract is in our possession, she will not be able to exact a charge against her which we to the world have involved considerable annoyance and pain, and to my patient might have proved even pernicious."

The officer, having taken a brief survey of this empy room, turned to me with an easy laugh of his shoulders, and said good-humoredly:

"Our bird is flown, madame. You are safe from her now; she knows that she is detected, and she will not come back to exact revenge and punishment. What do you say—do you wish her to be punished?"

"By no means," said I. "in my opinion things are very much better left as they are. And, as she knows that her precious marriage contract is in our possession, she will not be able to exact a charge against her which we to the world have involved considerable annoyance and pain, and to my patient might have proved even pernicious."

"Please tell me, I am something the concern of me, I suppose."

"I am going to see an important business man, which requires you very seriously and very urgently, and I see no way to avoid telling you about it. It in-

solves me—explaining to you all the cause of your illness, and my mother to bring living news from your brother to us all, but that which has just transpired, I intended to have kept those secrets from you a little longer until you should have been in a fitter state to hear them. But since I quitted you last night affairs have assumed an aspect which I did not expect, and I fear that unless I can get you away from me now, you will learn it in less than an hour through another and rougher channel. Do you think you can nerve yourself to bear calmly what I have to say to you?"

"Wait a minute," she answered in a low voice, "and I will try."

She covered her face with her hands, and her attitude as well as the silence which followed her last words, suggested to me that she was seeking strength and comfort in her sorrows. Looking at her absorbed, I noiselessly withdrew to my room, and on returning a moment afterwards with the red purse in my hand, found her leaning back on her pillows, and prepared to bear calmly what I had to say to her.

"Nothing," replied I. Fortunately we left no address at the hotel from which we came, and I took the precaution of changing my name to that of a man I had met, so that any attempt Clara might have made to convey information to him would fail.

"Did she make any such attempt, do you think?"

"She made no attempt, but I am sure that she did," said I.

"Read me your seat by the bed, I briefly unfolded to her so much as I knew of her brother in law's design upon her life and property, and of the means he was taking to accomplish his purpose. I told her of the events of the night I opened the red purse produced Dr. Pomery's strong promise of marriage, and placed it in her hands.

"Do you recognize that handwriting?" said I.

"Oh yes, of course, she did. We have been here only about a quarter of an hour when I heard her down stairs, myself, and I saw her follow up the sentence in the manuscript, repeated it aloud in a tone of incredulity, looking up earnestly from the paper into my face:

"As soon as the object for which she and I are working shall be satisfactorily accomplished—what object is that?"

"Madame, since you permitted the maid to leave you after your arrival here, you might just as well have spared yourself the inconvenience of changing your route on account of the lateness of the hour. The servants of the hotel, or perhaps at the livery round the corner, you will find that a telegram form was supplied to her last night at the hour you have mentioned. It is of no consequence that she does not speak German, for there is no German in the manuscript. As a woman like Stuttgart, there is certain to be an English interpreter, not improbably even the waiters themselves understand English."

"I know that he spoke the truth, for on the morning after her arrival had addressed this to me in our language, and Clara had responded. 'You alarm me greatly,' said I, 'what do you think we are to expect?'

"I have just consulted my watch, madame, and I think you have to expect Dr. Pomery's arrival within half an hour. There is a train in from Z— at half past nine, the station is about a quarter of a mile from this hotel, and the time is now thirty minutes to ten. I allow five and thirty minutes because trains are often late, and in foreign lands, and vehicles slow in driving. Yes, I allow five and thirty minutes."

"I looked at him aghast and sank late a chair. He rubbed his hands together and walked briskly to the door leading on to the veranda, where he stopped, and I saw how much he enjoyed the went of a fresh victim. The was a short silence, certainly not exceeding in duration the five minutes he had named, and my sense hearing strained to unvoiced acute noise distinguished amid the ordinary conversation, like that caused by the sudden opening of a door communicating with the street, the whirl and roar of the outside traffic becoming for an instant audible above all other sounds. The landlord, however, had entered, ordered one of the waiters to send Lady Pomery's breakfast upstairs to her room, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the police office, which by good fortune chanced to be close at hand, stepped off on a errand."

"In less than twenty minutes I returned with a tall stout visaged personage, whom I had examined my view of the case," my own concern in it, and the time without result for any sign of movement on Clara's side of the partition. I descended the stairs leading to the hotel entrance, ordered one of the waiters to send Lady Pomery's breakfast upstairs to her room, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the police office, which by good fortune chanced to be close at hand, stepped off on a errand."

"It is Dr. Pomery," I whispered low to the officer, "he is waiting for me to open the door of my pocket." Having accordingly carried this latter precaution into practice, after having listened a last time without result for any sign of movement on Clara's side of the partition, I stepped off on a errand."

"It must have been done in the instant he left the train," said the landlord, "for when I had been to the station to see him off, he had been to the hotel entrance, and the next instant he had disappeared."

"Can you nothing for him, madame?" asked the officer, as I knelt to examine the wound, "this is your business rather than mine."

"I pressed my fingers on the unfortunate man's wrist, and listened vainly for the least sign of heart pulsation."

"Impossible," said I, replying after a few minutes' pause. "He is already a corpse. This must have been done the instant he left the train."

"Poor wretch," said the officer, laying down on the dead man with more emotion than I had believed him capable of feeling. "He has passed a severe sentence upon himself, and I am sorry for him."

"It's always the way with gamblers and criminals; when they are caught they feel it so much more than the others." Well, it's over now, let's see what he's got in his pockets."

"Meat Gott!" he exclaimed, "we are too late—he has killed himself!"

The landlord and I pressed forward into the room, and saw lying on the floor a senseless bloody mass, but the body was still warm.

"Inside," said the officer, "is a living instrument, which doubtless, he had carried with him in one of his pockets, his right hand held a lancet, and the large artery of the throat, to the position of his hand, his anatomical knowledge had unerringly guided him, was completely severed."

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THE SATURDAY

THE RIVER'S ANSWER.

BY MRS. MARY E. KELLY.

White-winged and beautiful, swift-flowing river,
Chanting your sweet song of joy and peace,
The world has come to me, I pray,
Without on white-wings on swiftly away!

Ever thus bring me dreams of my child-hood,
With thy shore—near the deep-tangled
Wildwood.

River and sky softly blended together
In calm twilight of sweet Summer was
there.

Sometimes in dream-time I am flying like
these,

As I dance on your course to the deep-sounding sea;

Sometimes my sweet soul rises up in the
And catches the mystical portals of light.

Sometimes—ah, I can sing free from life's
cold,

As I move with delight amid communion with
God!

The blist, through bright e'er I joyfully
Too happy to live, and unwilling to die.

Beautiful river, tell me, I, plore,
How thou ever gettest a flower-bedecked

Where joy was eternal, and life was an
Where no shade of sadness could darken thy

dream?

The river, reflecting the blue of the sky
In whose shade of serenity makes life en-

“There is but one land where the worn and

The weak and the weary can find perfect

The land to the poor of earth's children is

green—
The city of gold—the unchangedable
heaven.

What was he to say if she repeated the question?

“What are you doing here?” she asked again.

He dared not say that he was waiting for his master, but he did say that he had come there, and so he heard a knock at the hall door, and the next moment the Earl stood before her. In amazement he looked at the visitor before him.

“Hildred,” he cried, “what are you doing here?”

“I am late, or rather early. I have been playing at the club to-morrow evening, and it is

the last, and now I am here.”

She looked contemptuously at him.

“I believe,” she said, “that your whole soul is engrossed in billiards.”

“I have played the best game to-night

that I have ever played in my life,” he told her laughingly.

She smiled and replied, “I do not think so.”

“I will quote a popular line: ‘If you are

waking, call me early—that is, some time

after noon. We shall have a grand match

at the club to-morrow evening, and it is

the last, and now I am here.”

She looked around her. The charming head and face were set off by the dark drapery; she held a book in her hands, but she had not read one word it contained.

She looked up when her father entered.

“I am sorry to trouble you, but I am

of your young face, the weariness of her dark eyes, the drooping attitude. He went up to her and, as usual, complimented her.

She was looking so well, so beautiful, he must see, and what a success he had made.

“No smile answered—the weariness and the despondency deepened. He took a seat by her side, and told her all that he thought would interest her most. Was she listening? He did not know, for she made no reply. Suddenly—and the shock of it startled him—she raised her eyes to his face.

“Father,” she said, “do you know what manner of man this is whom you have sold me?”

“My dear Hildred, hush! Pray be more quiet, and speak louder.”

“I repeat, do you know what manner of man my husband is?”

“Oh, now you put the question in better form. I can answer it. You really should not use the word ‘sold,’ as though you were a slave; we do not sell people in England.”

She laughed—surely the most dreary, the laugher laugh that every fell from such young lips.

“We shall not dispute about a word, pap—Answer my question—do you know what manner of man my husband is?”

“I know that the Earl is considered very handsome, fascinating man by all who are acquainted with him,” he replied.

“Handsome!” she repeated sorrowfully.

“What has that to do with it? If I were to tell you that I do not know it is not worth having. My better self is dead.”

“I do not know what you say, but I do not think it is right.”

“If I were you,” returned her husband, “I would not waste any time in thinking about it. You have the old song—

‘The best of all ways to taunt your days is to spend a few hours from the night, my dear.’

“It must be for your servants,” she said, “though perhaps very delightful to yourself.”

“I have forgotten our compact, Hildred,” he said, his face clouding. “You go your way, and I go mine; but I will allow no interference, my outgoings and incomings have nothing to do with you—do not forget that particular morrow.”

But she was not to be silenced.

“Did you know what he was when you allowed me to marry him?” she continued.

“I knew that he was Lord Caravan, and surely that was enough—a peer of the realm, a man of ancient descent.”

“Did you know that he liked gambling and that he was a gambler in the world?” she asked.

“Men failles. All men have their weaknesses—these are his. You must have patience, my dear.”

“Did you know?” she continued, “that he does you even like me, and never did?”

“I will never allow any one to make any comment upon my actions,” he said. “I please myself, and I always shall.”

“I make no comment,” rejoined his wife.

He recovered his good-humor—it was impossible to look at her and do other wise.

“We both, it appears, steal a few hours from the night, and taunt our days from the morning, from the sun to the moon. Good morning, Hildred,” and the next moment she was standing in the hall alone.

She went into the drawing room and opened the shutters, letting in all the glory of the sunshine, all the fragrance of the flowers, all the beauty of the trees, and looked out at the tall green trees. How fair it was—this world on which she looked! The sky was glowing with crimson and gold, the dew lay shining on the grass, the western wind was fragrant with sweet perfume.

Looking at the morning sky, she remembered her husband's handsome gold face under the garish light of the lamp, and she turned away with a shudder. What a false unnatural life he was! How she envied him! Her heart was empty—she was alone, no one to be filled with sympathy. She might have turned to that refuge for the destitute, filtration. She might have thrown herself into the giddy vortex of the world—into the whirlpool of gaity. She might have lived on excitement. But she was too sensible to turn to them.

“What shall I do with my life?” The cry that arises from so many aching hearts now arose from hers. She had no one to love, no one to care for, the very duties of housekeeping were a burden to her. She had lost her husband, her son, her home, her friends, and something of all that was told in the beautiful young face. She had many sad thoughts. No one was more popular in society than the handsome Earl, but people were quite alive to his fallings, which were never truly very serious, though she had lost new friends daily on the turf—a few hundred at the gaming-table, was generally received with a smile. He was “faithless and light of heart,” he was never sicker over his misfortunes, and the world loved the smiling fashion in which he dressed.

People had not made up their minds as to whether he loved his beautiful girl-wife, and Hildred often heard remarks not intended for her ear. One evening she was standing behind a group of ladies in a crowded hall room, and she heard her own name.

“Have you seen Lady Caravan?” one asked another, and the answer was—

“Yes, I have seen her. She is very beautiful; but she is a thousand times too good for the Earl.”

“You do sacrifice,” said the first speaker.

Again, she was in a crush room, one evening, when, feeling cold, she drew her opera hood over her face, and she heard her self spoken of.

“Poor child, she is to be pitied!”

Why was it that people seemed to pity her? Did the whole world know that her husband had married her for her money and did not love her? She fancied it must be so, and that belief made her more retiring still.

One morning she was restless and could not sleep. She had been thinking about her strange lot in life until her head ached. The pillow was hot, she longed to be up and breathing the fresh air of morning. It was not until dimly she saw her husband again, and then he did not look very pleased.

“Hildred,” he said sharply, “I hope you do not intend to repeat this morning's performance. If you want to speak, take me to a friend—such a friend, to open the door and find one's wife waiting there.”

“It was quite an accident,” she replied.

“How can you imagine it to have been otherwise?”

He appeared rather ashamed of his conduct.

“I have heard so many stories,” he said.

“I thought, perhaps, that some one had been telling you that I spend whole nights at billiards, and that you wished to know about your husband.”

“I do not mind it,” she said.

“I am sure,” interrupted Arley Han-

son, “that Lord Caravan always seems kind to you.”

“Kind!” she repeated. “He does not treat me as he is just as kind to his favorite mistress, his concubine, his paramour.”

She was in the library, busily engaged in writing letters to Sir Rochester and her husband's sudden entrance startled her. It was a bright morning, and the sun shone on her graceful head. She wore a pretty morning coat with the white embroidery, white to the waist and arms. A man's heart might have warmed to her with exceeding great love—Lord Caravan's did not; he never even stopped to look at her, to make any inquiries about her, or to speak a few words of kindly greeting.

“Good morning, Captain Fane,” he said, evening, “I have a good mind to stop here,” he said, and then Hildred went to his feet.

“I do not mind it,” she said.

“I do not want me. There is no one in all this wide world so forlorn, so desolate as I am.”

“You forget that I love you, Hildred.”

“No, you never loved me, pap,” she said.

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She was in the library, busily engaged in writing letters to Sir Rochester and her husband's sudden entrance startled her. It was a bright morning, and the sun shone on her graceful head. She wore a pretty morning coat with the white embroidery, white to the waist and arms. A man's heart might have warmed to her with exceeding great love—Lord Caravan's did not; he never even stopped to look at her, to make any inquiries about her, or to speak a few words of kindly greeting.

“Good morning, Captain Fane,” he said, evening, “I have a good mind to stop here,” he said, and then Hildred went to his feet.

“I do not mind it,” she said.

“I do not want me. There is no one in all this wide world so forlorn, so desolate as I am.”

“You forget that I love you, Hildred.”

“No, you never loved me, pap,” she said.

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Fair children of the sun and the stars,
To death when life it seemed, had but been
With sympathy ethereal and blithe,
Green bower leaves that singe, fresh and gay.
Among the drooping petals gathered round,
Felt no sweet end, and dying with the heat,
With a short, brief breath of summer tones it
died.

To see you thin it is a bitter thing,
Fair children of the sun and the stars,
To death when life it seemed, had but been
And yet your smoothness I could not bear
For any gentle gift for your pains—
This fairer bower dreamy room so brightened so,
I cannot think you suffer ill in vain.

Pearliness, like me, you sigh for pleasure
To have good dreams that shall return
Cheerfulness, moonlight, mirthful and gay,
And sighing winds the monitor of thoughts
Yes, as my heart flies back to Love and
Love's bright promises foreclosed to
Hope, and Birth, and Innocence, and
Truth.
You alone on parent stems and garden
glade.

So seems we suffer both in our degree,
A small alike in suffering love,
To death when life it seemed, had but been
Have fascinated us for all we may not
This knowledge only from our lives we
gain—
In vain we kiss the shadowing rod
Yon voices serve to soothe a human pain,
Man's gift him nearer to the curse of
God!

HARD TIMES, Or the Diamond Cross.

BY MRS. MOORE.

A long drawing room, divided by marble columns and furnished in all its appointments with lavish elegance; curtains of rare workmanship, lined down with choice broc-a-brac, a few broad-leaved tropical plants in porcelain jars, very like living vegetation, hangings of satin and lace, wide mirrors on all sides reflecting and multiplying everything in increased beauty.

"I will not have any New Year's gift if I cannot have what I want. I have set my heart on that diamond cross, and it is largely the price of it that I want. There were the words which came from the lips of the fair young girl who, walking up and down the room quite alone, was devising means whereby she might obtain possession of the diamond cross, yet coveted article. She had been a girl of great beauty, marred by pouting lips and vulgar eyes, but only child seemingly spoiled by too indulgent parents.

Her mother entered the room.
"Why, Carrie, my love, what is the matter? What has gone wrong now, my darling?"

"Papa says I cannot have the diamond cross which he promised me for a New Year's gift. He says the times are too hard to spend money in jewelry, and that you mustn't ought not to buy such things. But I will have it. Lucy Blanton has one, and she is just my age. Papa is mean."

"Hush, child, hush! How can you speak of your father? You know the times are very hard for the rich as well as for the poor."

"I do not believe that the times are so very hard for him—not at all! What diff'rence could just one more thing make? and I don't want anything else, not so much as a cent. What is two hundred and fifty dollars to him? I have a thousand dollar cross then he might grumble. And I have told all the girls I was going to have it. I declare it is a down-right shame for him to be so miserly. Mamma, can't I have it changed? or can't you help me?"

"Indeed, my child, I think your father is quite right in refusing the cross. I should be sorry to see you wear it, if you had it, and besides, if I wished to get it for you to wear you from the disappointment of not getting it would be a great trial. Friends that you were going to have it, I could not do it now that your father has diminished my allowance. He gave me one hundred dollars this morning to pay a few small bills with. Mary, the seamstress, is to take home her work, has written twice for her money, and is waiting to get it this evening, then, perhaps, I have another hundred left in my charity fund; but, besides these sums, I really have not more than ten dollars at my disposal. See, you see, it is quite impossible."

"Oh, mamma dear, I will be satisfied with a diamond cross at two hundred dollars. I saw such a beauty it just that, dear mamma; for you know 'Charity begins at home,' and Carrie turns her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

Mrs. Morton looked pained and surprised. She answered reluctantly: "No, Carrie. I cannot not the suffering poor to be in a strange place to her. New statue adored the riches, a brighter, richer, rarer statue in regard to Miss Morton's promised visit, for she knew by experience, how frequently the rich, engrossed by their own pleasures, forgot the promises they have made."

It was not so sanguine as her daughter in regard to Miss Morton's promised visit, for she knew by experience, how frequently the rich, engrossed by their own pleasures, forgot the promises they have made."

"My child, how much it would gratify me to see you in this situation. You may be sure if that your papa is able to buy you the cross, he will yet do so. Times may be easier before the New Year."

The next day, Carrie Morton stopped at the window. The setting of the two hundred dollar cross was really more beautiful than that of the higher priced one; and Carrie was not long in deciding that she preferred it to her first choice.

"It is the one of that size," said Mrs. Morton, "and I am not going to make up any more at present; we have so many orders to fill for Christmas. Miss Gibbith came very near taking it yesterday."

"I wish mamma could see it. Could you lay it by until to-morrow morning, and she will come down with me?"

"Certainly. But I think you had better take it home. It will show to more advantage there, and I will charge it to your father. In case you do not keep it, I have only to give it back when it is returned."

"Very well," she replied. "That will suit me exactly."

The dusty velvet case was wrapped up in folds of tissue paper, and Carrie took it, feeling almost as exultant as if it were really her own.

When she went out into the street, the pavement was covered with snow, and the

streets were filling rapidly. An up-coming carriage was passing and ramming into the body of a woman, and her father a man, who had been looking out at the fast increasing flakes covered every thing with a glistening ice for an earl. Carrie stumbled along through it, heedless of the discomfort which at any other time would have caused her to have been more careful, but now, the diamond cross in her pocket, was a charm to chase away all an annoyance.

She found her mother in her dressing-room, and going up to her, she said in her old, familiar way:

"Please, mamma, do not scold me. I have something to show you, but I must tell you all about it first. I only went to look at it again, and it was the last one, and Mr. Moore. He was thinking of taking it to Mrs. Hobart, but he had not done so yet, but now, the diamond cross in her pocket, was a charm to chase away all an annoyance."

Carrie's eyes fell like the guilty creature she felt herself to be. She said falteringly and slowly, "I don't know—what is mamma doing now? Could it be that I have to go to the house to it, and keep it all night—so I do want to coax pap to give it to me. I did at think, when I will take the money, pap gave you for the poor, that you would be so kind as to let me have it. I was ashamed, and so sorry the moment af-

terwards, when I saw the diamond cross was gone."

As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to tell how she had come home, at what place she had taken the diamonds and where she had left it, a servant was despatched to the crossroads outside the city, to find the owner.

"I will not be able to get it back to you, but I will give it to you, and let you have it again. The poor child is so good, and she will be greatly comforted by it."

Carrie plunged her hand down into the depths of her coat, and pulled up to her shoulder a wild, wonder-filled diamond cross, and drew out her hand, empty. She was pale with affright, for the diamond cross was gone.

Mary smiled a feeble, grateful smile.

"I cannot take back a diamond cross, when we rent our room, has been threatened for the last week to turn us out. She said if I came back without the money, we should not sleep under roof again."

"I will not be able to be so good as that, my little gold soldier. But never fear, I will bring you the money. Tell me where you live."

"I will not tell you in this direction, and Carrie went silent.

"Now, don't feel anxious," she said. "I will not fail to bring it in, and keep that shawl on, you see well it. Papa will stop you, but I will tell him that you are not therefore disappointed, when James returned without his diamond cross, which they inserted in the morning papers with which they were same to tellings to bear her disappointment as well as she could, assuring her mother that if she would only keep the loss a secret from her father, she should never again have cause to mourn."

Mrs. Morton was then more easily overcome, on account of her husband's increasing anxiety in his business relations.

She directed to trouble him with an additional outlay, so useless for a young girl, as also contrast to his expenses.

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